The True English Prophet:

OR,

ENGLANDS Happineſs

A Hundred Years Hence.

Licenſed according to Order.

To a New *Play-Houſe* Tune.

I.

COme chear up your Hearts, Boys, & all hands to Work,
We'll be Happy and Bleſt, ſpight of Devil and *Turk*;
Our Land you muſt know, we ſhall one day ſee flow
With that dear Milk and Honey,
Call'd Plenty and Money,
If we can but a little with Patience diſpence,
Thoſe Bleſt Days will be Ours all a Hundred Years hence.

II.

By that time our Foes will be all Dead and Rotten,
Our Quarrels all huſh't, and our Troubles forgotten;
His Gout, Stone and Pox, will have then done the work
Of *Europes* Old Blood-hound,
The moſt Chriſtian *Turk*:
For *Lucifer* waits his New Reign to Commence,
And all long before a Hundred Years hence.

III.

Our Taxes we'l heartily pay in our Turns,
Count it which way you pleaſe, for our Heads or our Horns
We ſhall ſee that bleſt Day, when we ne're ſhall be poor,
If our Wives have not ſent us
To Heav'n long before.
Peace, Bleſſing, and Plenty, their Smiles will diſpence
At furtheſt within one poor Hundred Years hence.

IV.

And what, tho' thus long we have mourn'd the ſad wants
Of a Glaſs of good *Bourdeaux*, and Cup of fine *Nants*,
We then ſhall have Wine, and Brandy moſt certain,
A Quart for a Shilling,
And Two-pence a Quartern;
For the Generous *French* will that Favour diſpence,
If we happen to live, but a Hundred Years hence.

V.

'Tis true, no great ſtore of Coin we can boaſt,
Our Wealth and our Silver, *alas*, are Rid Poſt;
But what, though the Clippers and Coiners have ſnip'd it,
And o're the *Herring-Pond*
The Wars they have whipp'd it,
We ſhall role in Mill'd Crowns, Pounds, Shillings & Pence,
If we live and do well but a Hundred Years hence.

VI.

In a Hundred Years time, how the World we ſhall ſettle
We ſhall certainly then have quite mended our Kettle,
Our Diſputes and our Titles, will then be Adjuſted,
And Monſieur by that time
Perhaps may be truſted:
Then *England* to *France* her ſmiles ſhall diſpence.
In a General Peace a Hundred Years hence.

VII.

In Wedding, and Bedding, and Goſſiping Rates,
Tho' we now pay for Kiſſing, and getting of Brats;
Our Grandſons will lay the Young Girls on their Backs
In the fear of the Lord,
And without fear of Tax;
Without Socket-Money, or Chriſtning Expence,
Take up the Smock Cheaper a Hundred Years hence.

VIII.

And what tho' our Citizens, honeſt good People,
In hopes of a New, and a ſwinging *Paul's* Steeple,
Stand Gaping to ſee it Riſe higher and higher;
Whilſt we Raiſe by our Coals
What we Loſt by our Fire,
With that ſmall yearly Rent they'll eaſily diſpence:
For Pauls will be Built in a Hundred Years hence.

IX.

Nay, the *Bank* Bills that Swagger'd ſo high, tho' of late
They're Dwindled to Twenty *per Centum* Rebate,
If you'll ſtay but a while, and be but ſo Civil
To wait but till Knavery
Is gone to the Devil;
By that time they'll hold up their Heads, and ſpeak fer
If you can but have Patience a Hundred Years hence.

X.

The City will then make their *Orphans* all Rich,
Have pay'd off their *Bedlam*-Score, *Mum-Glaſs* and *Dit*
Our *Caſements* and *Windows*, that now pay their Light;
And all to the making
Our Silver more Bright;
Will Crown with full Glory our Shillings and Pence:
For our Mint will Shine out a Hundred Years hence.

XI.

But now, without Rallying or Jeque, lets agree,
To pay our Great *Cæſar* our Hand, Heart and Knee;
The Heroe, whoſe Sword for our Liberty Draws,
Who faces Blood, Danger,
And Death in Our Cauſe.
Some few Months, we hope, will his warm Beams diſpel
And our Heirs Bleſs his Name a Hundred Years hence.

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